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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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The Socialist Spirit

is the continuation of *The Social Crusader* under a new name, by the same editor. It will retain all the excellencies of the *Crusader*, and will supplement these with many new and attractive features.

WILLIAM MAILLY and **JOHN SPARGO**—
Socialists of international reputation, will make personal investigations for *The Socialist Spirit*, and will contribute regularly special articles on striking and distinctive features of the socialist movement.

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT will be not only of vital interest to those who are already socialists: *It will help to make Socialists.* Remember, this is important! (If there were already enough of us we'd have the Co-operative Commonwealth *now!*)

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT, from its typographical and literary excellence, and from the value, dignity, trustworthiness and timeliness of its matter, aims to be a publication which socialists may confidently hand to a stranger and say: "Here! here is a *Socialist Magazine!*"

ARE YOU WILLING to aid the growth and influence of such a publication? If you believe in it, help get it into the hands of those who need it. *There is nothing so valuable in propaganda work as good literature.*

"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberties needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1901

No. 1

Perhaps the most signal feature of the great steel strike during the month was the formal giving of support to the Amalgamated Association by the American Federation of Labor, which means not merely financial aid, but help in making the strike more complete, for the federation controls a large amount of the less skilled labor in the steel mills involved in the present trouble.

At the same time the trust officials manifest a grim determination to fight it out on present lines without further parley by ordering the dismantling of one of their principal mills—the Dewees Wood plant at McKeesport, Pa.—and the removal of its machinery to another locality.

The trust officials seem to wish it to be understood that this step is taken because of the local hostility to the trust, the mayor of the city having openly expressed sympathy for the strikers and declared an intention to exercise full authority under a peculiar law of Pennsylvania, which empowers a local chief executive to commit strangers to the workhouse for one year on his own discretion and authority when he is satisfied that they are of a suspicious character. This would enable him to dispose of non-union men as fast as the trust brought them to McKeesport.

But although the trust managers may feel resentment toward a city so manifestly out of harmony with their feudal methods, still they are not by

any means so foolish as to waste their ill-gotten gain by moving their plants about to indulge their anger. Plants have been dismantled where no strike was in progress, and there is no doubt that the removal of the Dewees Wood mill has been contemplated for some time.

Concentration of work now done in scattered plants is desirable policy in relation to trust economy in production, and if the strike is used by the trust as an excuse for abandoning many of the less favorably located plants, as is most evident in the present instance, there will be further disastrous consequences growing out of this deplorable conflict for other places in the iron region. They face the menace of ruinous losses extending throughout the community.

Here, then, we have possible consequences of the strike of a decidedly serious nature for towns and cities whose business has been built up around a steel industry now in possession of the trust. The dismantling of the Dewees Wood mill must prove a hard blow for the town, since it employed from 900 to 1,200 men and has been a large part of the life of the place for nearly forty years. There is another trust mill located there which becomes involved in the more extended strike now on, and this mill must also apparently be abandoned or removed.

Whatever motives actuated the removal from McKeesport, it is evident that in giving hostile local criticism as the reason for it the trust managers

were led into hopeless folly. To publish such an action as purposely retributive is enough to enrage the inhabitants of every city in which these great industries are located; for if the trust can move a plant from one place it can move one from another. The trust officials are as stupid as capitalism always is when it gets in a tight place. It should not have been difficult to see that in fleeing from a hostile public sentiment in one place at the cost of dismantling a mill, it could hardly be sure of meeting with greater public favor in another.

And yet there can be no doubt that some of the small cities in which the steel plants constitute the principal industry are thoroughly frightened by the McKeesport incident. Joliet, Ill., which has one of the largest plants of the steel trust, may be cited as an example of a cowed and intimidated population. The streets of Joliet have always been free to speakers up to last week when Mr. Frederick G. Strickland went there to speak for the Socialist party on his tour through Illinois. He was warned not to speak in the street, and on his disregarding the admonition was promptly arrested. Not wishing to attempt a test case while the local conditions were so unfavorable, Comrade Strickland returned to Chicago. The local officials declared they would not have any one talking socialism in the streets of Joliet. This harsh and arbitrary violation of a constitutional right was superinduced by fear; fear that the steel trust might learn that principles of justice were being enunciated among the discontented workmen, and might treat Joliet as it had treated McKeesport.

The principal industry at Joliet beside the steel works is the penitentiary. So far as freedom is concerned, most of the inhabitants of Joliet might as well, at present, be inside of it. Were they not stampeded by fear they would realize that the Joliet plant is much too modern, and too well situated in reference to coal supply, to be moved off in a huff.

This is a time in the steel industry when the mills often close for repairs, and so the strike is not wholly without offsetting considerations for the steel trust. One of the Pittsburgh dispatches

says that opinion in trade circles there is that nothing will be done by the trust to settle the strike until the idle mills have been overhauled, and that then the demands of the strikers will be acceded to—with the purpose quietly reserved to settle conclusions with union labor when dull times overtake the industry.

It would probably be urged in the case of Joliet that public meetings during strike periods are provocative of violence; but experience does not prove this true. It is the attempted bringing in of outside men which precipitates physical struggle. Comrade Mailly has been among the strikers at Pittsburg, McKeesport and Monessen for the past three weeks, and reports that although meetings are held daily and nightly, a more peaceable body of men never resisted the tyranny of a corporation.

Comrade Mailly also furnishes the gratifying information that the saloons are almost totally neglected. This heeding of President Shaffer's admonition indicates that the men not only realize its value, but are determined to spend no money which may eventually be needed. Thus realizing the necessity of making every dollar count, the appeal to the Socialists of the country for financial aid to the strikers, issued

by the National
Secretary Greenbaum's Secretary of the So-
Appeal Socialist party,

must be noted with feelings of gratitude by those union men whose ability as organizers gives them a broad outlook and sober judgment.

This manifesto should also do much to set aside the prejudices against socialism incited by the unfortunate attitude of the old Socialist Labor party toward trades-unions. Of this prejudice Comrade Mailly has had constant evidence during his stay among the strikers. It may be easily imagined that there is no time so auspicious for socialist propaganda as during the progress of a strike; when men can listen and can read. In speaking before the union meetings at McKeesport Comrade Mailly has never failed of a cordial reception, and he has been listened to with keenest interest. At the close of a great mass meeting in the McKeesport opera house, at which he was asked to speak, many came to him

privately and assured him of their belief in the principles he advocated. It would seem that there is at present no more fruitful field for Socialist workers than this field of union labor. For it is all too clear that union labor has not yet begun to understand the principles for which it should struggle, and until it does, no permanent light will be let in upon the problems confronting labor interests.

There is no general comprehension among labor unions of the fact that there are causes which are universal lying back of all the social unrest we now witness; that they are dealing with effects only, and local effects at that; and that not until the causes are located and the intellectual and moral forces of the people directed to the removal of these causes, and their removal actually accomplished, can there be industrial or social peace.

This is a hard lesson to be learned by most people; the objective is always so much easier to attack. Comrade Mailly writes:

"Let me say that while there are some things that have troubled me not a little during the present experience, yet there are others that have given me greater hope for our cause, chief among these being the growth of radical thought—or feeling rather—among the working people and the activity of young men, intelligent and aggressive, in this struggle."

Comrade Mailly's special article in our next issue will embody his impressions received while in the steel-strike region. Some of the things he has seen and learned have been in the nature of a revelation; things invaluable to know if Socialist propaganda in those directions is to be intelligent and effective. Comrade Mailly is now en route through Steubenville, Niles and Youngstown, Ohio, expecting to arrive in Cleveland early in the month.

Although, as has been indicated, union labor is far from understanding Socialist principles, yet there is undoubtedly enough

Efforts at
Paternalism

Socialist leaven throughout the mass of union workmen to prevent the consummation of a plan which Capitalism has long had up its sleeve, and which has

recently come into some prominence as the original idea of the indefatigable Mr. Morgan.

After a somewhat embarrassing strike on the Illinois Central Railroad some years ago had been pretty generally forgotten, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the president of that corporation, brought forward a plan for parceling out the capital stock of the company; that is, a minority of it, among its employees. Arrangements were made by which stock could be advantageously purchased on the installment plan, and some very liberal provision was made for compensation to the purchasers should the stock decline in value. This plan has been followed during the present year by a pension scheme for the 40,000 employees of the company, which is conceded to be more liberal in its provisions than has heretofore been adopted by any other railroad. Appealing to the instincts of covetousness which long years of toil at the bare line of subsistence has developed, Mr. Fish would give his employees a pecuniary interest in maintaining uninterrupted traffic by becoming their banker, to the extent of the amount of stock subscribed for. The consummation of such a scheme would render the corporation impregnable for a long time to come. Not only would the capitalists be well compensated for whatever expense might be involved in the added book-keeping by avoiding the heavy losses due to strikes; they would be fortified in their predatory position by the selfish instincts of all employees holding stock, whose votes against public ownership would prove a very positive bulwark for the monopolists against the people. Unfortunately for Mr. Fish, plans involving action by a great number of people are always slow in maturing, and the ideals of socialism have now made too considerable headway among all classes of railroad employees to make an effective combination such as his, possible of realization. This plan of benevolent paternalism might easily be advanced in a kindly spirit by a capitalist whose training was such as to make the present social order seem sacred to him. Imbued with the capitalist philosophy, and the capitalist religion, he might sincerely believe that such a combination as would insure a

large and regular income for him, and a regular, if not a large, income for the host of workers creating the common wealth, might be the best possible arrangement for all concerned.

Indeed, the present satisfactory agreement existing between the railroad managers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers would seem to indicate that such a compact does not meet with total rejection on the part of the working class. This plan of capitalists in certain industries uniting with their workmen who are satisfied with the wage system, both to plunder the rest of society, if attributed to any individual should properly belong to Mr. Fish, who had actually attempted its inauguration long before there was any evidence of Mr. Morgan's endeavor to effect a similar combination in the steel industry. If the latter could find enough selfishness among the trades unions to consummate a working partnership the steel trust could defy the world. Nothing would then be left for the consumers save armed seizure of the material resources of the trust for administration in the general behalf. But the steel trust will not be able to bulwark its monopolistic position with working men tempted to abandon their class; this is already evident. In spite of its bluster and bravado, the trust realizes that its eventual overthrow in the common interest is inevitable, and it would gladly make any terms with union labor which would check the movement toward socialism. But owing to the socialist spirit which now, even though undefined, has permeated the entire ranks of organized labor, lighting the pure flame of brotherhood in many a rough breast, Mr. Morgan's plan, in spite of its alluring temptations for the selfish, and for those in need, is foredoomed to failure. Even if it were consummated, it would not last. Those who believe that the march of socialism can any longer be arrested by feudal contracts are staggering in outer mental darkness. The people are following events too closely and the predatory effects of trust exploitation are too evident to allow any hard and fast agreement, which shuts out the

consumer, to stand for long. Even college professors who

What Statistics Show are hired by the government to compile statistics which shall, if possible, cast a favorable light upon things, cannot disguise the fact that the private conduct of trusts is not the roseate thing for the workers it is claimed to be.

In July, 1900, the labor department of the United States issued a bulletin containing an investigation of trust prices and wages, by Prof. Jenks, of Cornell. The bulletin shows that, for the trusts examined, prices rose on the average 150 per cent from 1896 to 1900, while trust wages rose less than 13 per cent. The labor bulletin also proves that both the number and per cent of those receiving less than \$5 a week were increased by the formation of the trusts. This bulletin and other government reports show that while trust prices rose from 25 per cent to 500 per cent from 1896-97 to 1900, the average prices of farm products diminished 5 or 10 per cent.

This proves conclusively that all improvements in the way of economy of production have swelled the purse of Capitalism; the drippings which have come down to the workers have been small; very small indeed.

In the face of such statistics as the above one cannot help contemptuous feelings toward the philanthropic pretensions of such enterprises as the "model" factory of the Chicago-Rockford Hosiery Company located at Kenosha, Wis., which is exploited with appropriate and attractive illustrations in a recent number of the Epworth Herald. The Epworth Herald is the official organ of the Epworth League, the Methodist "league for social service," and Mr. W. W. Cooper, the general manager of the Kenosha concern, happens to be first vice president of the league. It is logical, therefore, that all good Methodists should be interested in this application of Christian principles to business, and that the Kenosha knitting works should be properly set out in the Methodist organ. Mr. Cooper's Christian spirit finds expression in the lawns and trees which surround the factory and the plants inside of it,

which give the employes something agreeable to look at. He also gives

Christianity at
Kenosha, Wis.

coffee to drink at
noon, and a ten-
minute rest in both

the forenoon and afternoon. "We regard this as one of the best investments we have ever made," says Mr. Cooper. "The rest is taken at the expense of the company, but we have found by actual figures that it is more than made up in the increased ability of the workers. You can't expect human beings to be nothing but machines, especially when they are still young, and the world is still beautiful to them. It is cruelty to ask any one to stick close to machine work for four or five hours at a time, with no let-up whatever. He must have an opportunity to stretch himself, and he must have a chance for sociability—a very human, but sometimes overlooked need. The ten-minute rest furnishes a pleasant break in the routine, and pays for itself in the quality and quantity of work turned out."

Mr. Cooper's fine disinterestedness shines in his words, as any reader may discover. The Epworth Herald concludes the article, which is shot through and through with the same nauseatingly transparent hypocrisy, as follows:

"The Kenosha experiment is already bearing golden fruit. It is a cause for just pride that the first vice president of the Epworth League, and the leader of the great "Forward Movement" has carried his religion into his business. He preaches the gospel not only with voice and pen, but by his sympathetic and helpful attitude toward those who are in his employ. These people have unwavering confidence in his religious character, and his influence in the community is strongly for Christ and the church."

It is when one reads the religious newspapers that his heart sinks within him. Here is a force more subtle, more hideously menacing to truth and justice than all the schemes of men like Fish and Morgan. It is a force which begins with the child, poisoning his young life and clouding his intellect.

In the face of the crime and poverty which are searing the face of the nation, and the unspeakable murder and rapine which Religious Newspapers and Capitalism is inflicting on the Filipino people, one stands aghast at the stuff which is being fed to the children of the middle class in their "Sunday schools." It is specifically middle-class pabulum; it would be a meaningless lie to a workman's child. Here is a sample of it;—a program for a child's prayer meeting, clipped from the Epworth Herald of July 13:

Junior Prayer Meeting.

Mrs. Annie E. Smiley.

Topic for July: Love of Country.

July 21 — What Dangers Threaten Our Country's Welfare?

TO THE JUNIOR SUPERINTENDENT.

Hang our flag across the front of the room. Pin a white cross to the center. Have a Junior hold up a pair of broken shackles (paper ones will do), and tell how America stands for freedom. Let another hold up the Bible and tell how America stands for Christianity. Let another hold up an empty wine-glass or demijohn, and tell how America must stand for temperance.

My Country.

This is a wonderful country—the best on the face of the globe—but it cost money, lives and blood. Years ago only a few men, with their rifles and swords, secured liberty and started a new government. No wonder we have a royal good time on the Fourth.

Our country is Christian. We are happy because Christ is recognized in this nation. From the time of Washington to our McKinley, we have had presidents who remembered God as the supreme ruler. Our Juniors are a part of the people, and will grow up into the true patriotism that is based upon our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We live in a happy land, full of sunshine, flowers, fruit, and harvests. Then we have homes, school-houses, colleges and churches. Wonderful and plenteous are the mercies of God.

None but an ossified intellect and a spirit of the infernal would ever feed such poisonous stuff as this to a child. It not only makes patriotism merely crime with a flag over it; it harnesses the spiritual impulses of the child to

the same black darkness. And through our public schools the trail of the same serpent passes. A new school-book called "McMaster's Primary History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster, professor of American history in the university of Pennsylvania, treats the war in the Philippines in this fashion:

"Aguinaldo considered himself an ally

**The Making of
History**

of the United States,
and now that Span-
ish rule was at an

end, insisted that we should leave the Philippines to the Filipinos. This we refused to do, whereupon, on the night of Feb. 4, 1899, Aguinaldo attacked our troops at Manila, and brought on an insurrection against our authority that has with difficulty been put down."

That is all the space Prof. McMaster devotes to the subject, and it would be ample were the subject treated in an entirely truthful manner. If the professor can prove that Aguinaldo attacked our troops on that night of Feb. 4, 1899, he will do what no one else has been able to do. There is no intimation, of course, that the beginning of the war was the president's order of Dec. 21, 1898, and Gen. Miller's formal military demand for the surrender of Iloilo by the Filipinos early in January, 1899, a full month before the outbreak at Manila. And this is the way a great historian writes history for school children. It is no wonder that doubts are being freely expressed as to the accuracy of the historical pictures which have been given us of Danton, Marat, Robespierre and other revolutionary leaders, who have been commonly classed as uncompromising villains, when we see perversions like this under our very eyes, deliberately calculated to mislead. It is the ruling class which has written history. If it had not been that Matthew and Mark and the other fishermen-friends of Jesus thought his life and teachings worth recording he would no doubt have left a very bad record. If we had not Langland's "Piers Plowman," setting forth the misery of early England we might have read Chaucer's knightly tales of chivalry and believed that great heroic soul, John Ball, was the "mad priest of of

Kent" he was claimed to be; and it needs the democratic pen of Mark Twain to drag King Arthur and his round table knights out of the maze of Tennysonian verse and exhibit them as gross spectacles of absurdity locked up in hardware. Indeed, one may fancy that an English "Prof. Masters," writing American history in 1776, would not set our George Washington on a very high pedestal. Even a democratic spirit cannot, in writing history, do justice to a proletarian hero, unless he can get hold of the records of the proletariat itself. Facts set down in an hour of passion and social upheaval are hardly desirable as guides to unimpassioned opinion. A partisan writer or thinker can never see the weak points in his own armor. For example, when our colonial adventure was so lightly undertaken imperialists jeered at the idea that a government by Americans might not be perfection, and even went so far as to tell us quite gravely that our local government, the government, that is to say, of New York, of Philadelphia, etc., would be purified and strengthened by these inspiring responsibilities. No one has yet pointed out any notable gain to the civil service or to state and municipal legislation that can be credited to the Philippines, while as to the other end of the matter Poultney Bigelow, himself an expansionist, says in his new book, "The Children of the Nation":

"At this moment we are repeating in Cuba and the Philippines the political faults which have made Spanish administration a byword throughout the world. Our first task should be, therefore, to reorganize our own administration on a business basis, so that in the course of time we may attract to our colonial service not the political riff-raff, the professional failures, the social tramps, but draw to the government service the flower of our educated young men."

So, then, reform has to begin at home after all, as every one whose imagination is not heated by dreams of conquest and aggrandizement would suppose. But the beginning of any kind of a reform at home, except a reform which will simply allow Capitalism to shift its position on the back of labor,

should not be looked for among the ruling classes. It is a very popular pastime among leisure class women to reform their erring sisters. It does no one any harm and makes them think they are doing something. They never stop to inquire how this deplorable state of womanhood is brought about, and yet their own sons, some of them, might tell them. They want their fallen sisters, even in their poverty, to be "as good as they are."

Some little time ago the social economies club of Chicago brought up the

A Shop Girl's Living

subject of the wage
of the common
working girl, or to

put it more explicitly, the shop-girl, and how she manages it. It appears that the statement that many such girls live, or are expected to live, and be self-respectful and decent on \$2.50 a week raised a storm of indignant protest against the cruelty and immorality of the thing, and Dr. Frances Dickinson, who introduced the matter, was condemned for ever discussing the possibility of any person living on such a sum. Unfortunately, it is a fact that many young shop-girls can get no more, and in some instances even experienced girls do not get over \$3.50, on which they are expected to live respectably and dress decently. No girl can be decently lodged or fed and clothed on such a sum unless she lives at home and has her lodging and perhaps her food free of expense, and where is the sum that even under such favorable circumstances can offer the absolutely necessary recreation or meet the dreaded doctor's bill in case of illness? There's no arithmetic that can give a satisfactory answer. As a consequence that followed a club discussion that was continued in the daily press the club received a letter from a shop-girl giving her own experience. The case having been looked into and found to be as the writer said, it has been brought forward as evidence. This girl, Annie by name, had no parents, therefore she boarded. She is 15, and therefore presumably not as prudent as she will be when older, though there is scant room for the exercise of thrift. Annie furnished her table of expenses for the week, having \$2.50 to begin with:

Monday car fare.....	\$.10
Mutual benefit association.....	.05
Coffee (no milk).....	.05
Tuesday car fare.....	.10
Wednesday car fare.....	.10
Thursday car fare.....	.10
Friday car fare.....	.10
Saturday car fare.....	.10
Board	2.00
Sunday school	0.00
Total	\$2.70

It will be seen that there is a deficit of 20 cents, and yet she has spent nothing save for food and car fare. Nothing for clothes, nothing for pleasure, nothing for recreation of mind or body, and yet she has overrun her salary. What is she to do? Shoes, a hat, an umbrella, a jacket, a new dress presently,—these must be had, particularly the dress. If she looks shabby she will lose her place. She proceeds to starve herself to save money for some of these necessities, and in six weeks actually lays by \$1.50. Some one gives her an old dress; she coaxes a friend to cut it over, and sits up nights to make it; she spends 99 cents for a hat because her old one is so shabby, and \$1 for slippers, and now she is in debt. There follows more starving to meet this awful debt, and so the year goes by until she gets tired of it all. Why do not these good people make some effort to save her while she is making an effort to save herself?

It is always interesting to speculate as to just how much of the real situation is known to these reform preachers who drive the erring women periodically from one part of a city to another and back again, in their "crusades against vice."

At a meeting in London the other evening, called to consider public immorality and the remedy for it, the new bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, presided. By his side were the bishop of Southwark, Sir Edward Clarke and H. H. Asquith, the liberal leader. All was perfectly conventional until Bishop Ingram arose, evidently in a condition of high nervous tension, and, without any introduction, abruptly started off:

"I was in my brougham, driving

along Piccadilly, this evening. Now

**A Suppressed
Incident**

and then, I looked through the carriage windows, and suddenly my eyes seemed to be opened, and I saw things as they really are. At first, I covered my eyes with my hands to shut out the awful sight, and then in the darkness the question came to me: What is to be done? What is to be done? A little later, the question came in another way: What would the Master do? and with the question a great light seemed to fill the place, and I saw my duty sun-clear, as Saul saw his on the way to Damascus. I stopped the carriage, got out, and, after a few minutes' conversation, persuaded two of the public women to come into the brougham with me. If Jesus was right, these two unfortunates were my sisters, and the only hope of their purification was in my affection and tenderness. I took them to Fulham Palace, and they are going to stay with me. I hope to fill every room in the palace with such sisters as these."

At this point Sir Edward Clarke fled from the hall, much upset, but the speaker, oblivious to all, continued:

"Oh! sisters and brothers, in this act of mine I find the solution of all my difficulties. I didn't know what broughams were made for, but now I know. They are made to carry the weak, the sick, and the aged; they are made to show honor to those who have lost the sense even of shame. I did not know what palaces were made for, but now I have found a use for them. The palaces of the church should be hospitals and nurseries for those who have fallen by the wayside and are perishing." (A long pause.) "I am not fit, dear brethren, to tell you anything about morality. I have lived in shams and hypocrisies too long to be able to help others; but my action of to-day shows me that the better way is very easy to find. To those who believe in Jesus and His gospel there can be no other relation between man and man but the relation of affection. Love alone is stronger than sin—stronger than death. I therefore say to the rich among you that it is their duty to do what I have done and am doing. Let each one of you who is prosperous take into his house some thief and treat him as his brother, some

unfortunate and treat her as his sister, and London will need no police force, no magistrates; the prisons will be turned into hospitals, and the criminal will disappear with his crime. We must give ourselves, and not our money alone."

At this point Mr. Asquith and Canon Scott-Holland (a clerical giant) led the Bishop off the platform, while the large and influential audience sat breathless and paralyzed. Cerebral collapse under overwork and half a dozen explanations have been put forward privately, but publicly—excluding one weekly—the silence has been thick as a London fog at midnight.

Never has the press of London so thoroughly justified its claim to the title of the Daily Suppress—when prominent, respectable personages are concerned, as in this extraordinary instance. Every one in the large and respectable audience sympathized with the nervous, overwrought condition of their bishop, but no one took the trouble to observe that when a man is in that condition he invariably voices the things which are preying upon his subjective mind. For once the manhood and deep-hidden, tender nature of London's bishop burst out;—and his Christian flock concluded he was crazy!

Another interesting London meeting was held last week in Guildhall, and

A Jingo Meeting enough, from those who participated,

the thoroughly capitalistic character of the Boer war. Reports still show that this war is costing the English people over a million dollars a day, and within two months more the financial resources already provided for carrying it on will be exhausted; so the war sentiment must be kept alive. The English must be stupid indeed to be misled by such mummery, and to allow Parliament to make further appropriations of their money for capitalistic adventure. But this meeting was a big success; at least from the "jingo" point of view. The idea originated on the stock exchange and was intended as an offset to the recent pro-Boer gathering at Queen's Hall. The lord mayor, Frank Green, and the other city magnates did their utmost to assure its success, and the result was the great hall of the

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

Guildhall, having a capacity of 4,000 persons, did not suffice to contain the crowd, which necessitated an overflow meeting outside, where the pro-war enthusiasts made a demonstration of an even more pronounced character than that of the stock brokers within. Patriotic songs broke out at intervals, both within and without the building.

The British generals were cheered, and the names of Henry Labouchere and other Boer sympathizers were hissed and hooted. The stock exchange was practically deserted for the meeting, the stock brokers marching in procession to the Guildhall, waving flags and singing "Soldiers of the king." The lord mayor presided, surrounded by conservative members of the House of Commons, bankers and others. A resolution expressing complete confidence in the South African policy of the government and protesting against the unpatriotic attacks of the opposition was adopted in the midst of wild scenes of enthusiasm. No wonder people like this;—and it is the same crowd, respectable London, should be ashamed of their bishop's lapse into the spirit of real Christianity. But that they will be able to get funds out of the Commons to continue their bloodthirsty jingo policy is by no means certain. A recent vote in the Commons showed the government majority down to 33, which must be viewed in connection with the fact that the normal majority is about 150. Even the majority of 33 would have been reduced to 12 had all of the Irish members been present. As it was, the majority was the smallest known in the past two parliaments. While general causes of dissatisfaction with the new taxes proposed in the budget operated in bringing the government's strength to low-water mark, the immediate cause was the present system of extravagance in paying the attorney-general and solicitor-general. Those two officers of the crown in 1895 received salaries

English Generosity which aggregated \$95,000, and since then, under the present administration, they have been permitted to charge special fees for appearing in court, in addition to their salaries, all of which has brought their combined incomes from government sources up to \$150,000

a year. It seems singular that the English should balk at these large sums for which at least some service, or show of service, is rendered, and yet submit to the king's civil list and its formidable array of parasitical allowances. For example, the civil list contains an annual allowance of \$100,000 for the Duke of Cornwall and \$30,000 to each of his sisters, the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Charles of Denmark and the Princess Victoria. The Duke receives about \$310,000 a year from the revenues of Cornwall, which makes his income \$410,000. His wife has an allowance of \$50,000. The allowances to the king's brothers and sisters are as follows: Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Empress Frederick, \$40,000; Princess Christian, \$30,000; Princess Louise, \$30,000; Princess Beatrice, \$30,000; Duchess of Albany, \$30,000; Duchess of Coburg, \$30,000.

Parliament made grants in lump sums as wedding gifts to the queen's children and grandchildren when they were married, of which the total will probably reach \$1,000,000. It is difficult for the American mind to comprehend this lavish support of laziness in trumpery titles, but that is because it does not understand the love of royalty that moves the Englishman. Most Englishmen are still on all-fours, and in much association with them one gets the impression that the leisure and middle classes are divided into two parts, snobs on the one hand and flunk-eyes on the other. It is rarely one finds in either of these classes a man who does not either overestimate the quality of deference due him, or mistake the quality due to another;—particularly a decorative parasite. And yet it would no doubt be vastly cheaper for the American people to adopt the English method. By paying these sums regularly the relatives and intimate friends of the gentleman who is in the king business are kept out of politics. This is really why the English administration of government is so much cleaner than the American; it is not corrupted by such a crowd of vultures as settles over Washington every four years. No concealment is made of the fact that many good friends of the present administration made comfortable fortunes out of purchases for war during

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the campaign in Cuba. Even so respectable a person as the president's brother, Mr. Abner McKinley, was charged, whether justly or unjustly, by the newspapers with making extravagant purchases. The haste with which the government purchased ships for picket duty and for carrying supplies left the doors wide open for the most ordinary kind of looting. The method

How the People's Purse is Looted

used, and it does common service in nearly all modern business which involves contracting, is the one of overvaluation and the division of the overpayment. It takes two pretty scoundrels to do it; or, let us say, two good citizens whom one commonly hears exclaim that "business is business."

We will suppose the government needs a ship for carrying coal. The purchasing agent of the people looks about among his friends for some one who has such a ship for sale. He finally finds one who has a hulk which has been long in service and will still float. It is worth about \$100,000. The people's purchasing agent and the owner of the vessel decide at a quiet little dinner at the club that as long as the people pay for it and therefore no one feels it very much it will not hurt the government to pay \$200,000 for the hulk. Thus the owner makes out the bill for \$200,000; it is paid by government warrant, and the transaction is complete;—except for another little dinner at the club at which the owner refunds privately to the people's purchasing agent his share of the extra \$100,000, generally as large a share as the seller of the vessel can be made to disgorge in the hope of other such profitable business. The affidavit as to the correctness of the bill and the value of the purchase does not trouble anybody's conscience, as such things are mere matters of form. The inspector of the vessel may want a larger share of the plunder than he is naturally entitled to for keeping his mouth shut, but as he has generally had his training in the custom houses and is used to taking bribes, he seldom presents any real difficulty.

It is perhaps not remarkable that the people should be robbed with impunity, as they seem to care so little about it.

The Philippine war is costing at the

least \$500,000 per day, and yet few Americans looking at that expenditure will relate it to their own pockets. This is the subtlety of indirect taxation. It spreads these huge sums over the country, taking a little here and a little there; mingling the tax with the cost of the tea, sugar, coffee and tobacco in such a way that the common man never connects his difficulty in paying his bills with the little blocks of \$100,000 which go quietly over the table at club dinners.

A protective tariff serves principally to "protect" the capitalist class; if it did not free natural trade would have had its way long ago. There is not a change in a tariff regulation which does not bring a scream of rage from some "protected" interest, which is quietly sucking the blood of the people under the cover of this law-made privilege. For example, the beet sugar interests

of the United States
The Fight Over Sugar are watching with keen anxiety the

developments in respect to Cuba. As for Porto Rico and Hawaii, the fight has already gone against beet sugar, and its only consolation here is that those islands are of very limited extent for the growth of cane sugar for free admission to the United States mainland. But Cuban possibilities in this direction are far less limited, and upon Cuban tariff relations with the United States a watchful eye is being cast by the budding beet sugar industry.

That the American sugar refining company, or trust, is preparing to make large investments in Cuban cane lands seems to be established. That the same company will accordingly throw its influence in Congress in favor of free trade with Cuba, or reciprocity particularly favoring sugar, is correspondingly clear. Mr. Havemeyer, of the sugar trust, is quoted as saying that American capital invested in Cuba is entitled to precisely the same consideration from the United States government as American capital invested here, and it is certain that American capital invested in Cuba will prove very influential in the lobbies of Congress, quite as much so, perhaps, as an equal body of capital invested in the United States. One of the first matters to be pressed upon the attention of the next Congress

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will be free trade in sugar with Cuba, or a very low reciprocity tariff; and if the sugar trust retains any of its old power at Washington the results are likely to be depressingly interesting for the beet sugar men. Thus not only does the tariff rob the people all the time to benefit the capitalist class, but it makes the halls of Congress merely the arenas in which these strong private interests brutally contend for supremacy. The ignorance of the people, not the capitalists, stands as a bleak wall against the cohorts of socialism. If the American people had any idea of how they are plundered, beaten and slain by the vicious indirection of our present governmental system, they would hail the socialist revolution with frantic acclaim. Meanwhile that we must work hard during these times of unrest in the labor world is conceded by all good

Special Socialist Activities

socialists. Things are stirring, too. Two new socialist publications are to issue this month: The Comrade, which we have mentioned elsewhere, and Here and Now, which is to be a monthly journal of eight pages, issued at Rochester, N. Y., edited by William Thurston Brown, assisted by J. W. Castleman and H. T. Mosher. Howard S. Risley is to be the business manager. The Challenge, Comrade Wilshire's militant weekly, has moved from Los Angeles to New York, followed by the benisons of the socialists on the Pacific coast. Rev. John Eills has been installed as the new editor of the Haverhill Social Democrat, which changes its name to The Clarion, and declares its intention to furnish complete news of "the movement in New England.

A thoroughly interesting and valuable suggestion is that of A. M. Simons, of the Review, that socialists meet in an

annual conference to discuss all matters relating to the movement. No one who attended the Social and Political conference at Detroit in June can underrate the value of such meetings when they are called on some specific question. Such a conference held annually by socialists at some central point would help the movement in ways undreamed of.

The members of the Fellowship have been at various occupations during August. Comrade Herron is at Metuchen. Comrade Brown has been resting at one of the lakes before taking up his season's work. John Spargo has been making investigations in New York City, gathering facts for the columns of The Socialist Spirit. As has been already indicated, Wm. Mailly has been among the men of the steel strike, doing yeoman service for the cause, eating and sleeping wherever meal-times and bed-times found him. Leonard Abbott is now down at Great Neck, L. I., and is putting into the forthcoming issue of the Comrade all the energy that can be spared from the Literary Digest. Franklin and Marion Wentworth divided the time with William H. Wise at the Socialist Temple in Western avenue Sunday evening, Aug. 25, where there was a fine attendance. Marion Wentworth spoke at the same place Thursday evening, the 29th, on "The Blight of the Army," under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Temple. Mr. Wentworth makes a labor day speech at St. Charles Mich., Sept. 2, at a large two days' convention. The entire evening of Monday is to be devoted to his talk on socialism.

Although midsummer quiet generally prevails, indications point to a coming season of rare and effective activity in the cause.



The Passing of Rudyard Kipling

BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL

Doubtless there is something pathetic in the passing of a popular favorite. But when we hear that in this country the works of Rudyard Kipling are no longer in demand, I submit that, aside from sentimental considerations, the occasion is for thanksgiving and a feeling of relief.

We may indulge this feeling without prejudice or malice, and without denying or trying to obscure the splendid ability of the man. Surely it is a wonderful gift that has gone so far astray. What powers of expression, what strength and indomitable vigor of style, what command of words marshaled and aligned with what skill and variety of resource! A vision so clear in some ways if so clouded in others, and the apparent possibility of the god's own grace of utterance—all gone awry for the lack of a soul and guiding spirit. And for this lack no gifts, no powers, no graces atone. It is the inward spirit that determines the ultimate value of every artist's work, and with all his magnificent technical endowment the spirit animating Kipling's work was always bad, always reactionary, always indurating and blinding to him that read * * *

Exactly what Kipling stood for in the essence of his writing was not revealed to us until the beginning of the South African war, a struggle of more and even stranger results than the ruin of Britain's military glory. Then it came upon men in a flash that this was the thing he had always meant and always apotheosized—the strong arm, the dominance of brute instincts, the coarse, hard fiber of mind, the gross and material view of life, the love of cruelty and savagery, the negation of sym-

pathy and brotherhood, the lust for power and land and wealth, the right of might, the cynical indifference to justice, the burden of strong races upon the weak, the thirst for preying and plundering.

With the "Absent-Minded Beggar," the illusion snapped like a thread. We had not seen that under the wonderful brilliancy and fascination of the man's style these were the springs of his faith; the war and his view of it and callous delight in it were all made clear. Men perceived that the "Recessional" was mere sound; that its author had no heart in it and that while with front of brass he sang of Christian peace, he was casting about for further feats of national brigandage and shame that he might sing these with all his soul.

Moreover, in a broader view, here is a sign of progress. The world has known a time when the singer of blood and battle and the glory of physical strength was the dearest of all lyrists. We have passed from that state as from the state of skin clothing and the work of the stone hatchet. The world at heart has grown sick of these things. It asks for literature now, not so much the entertainment of cleverness as some note of help or hope. In all Kipling has written is no such note. From the reading of him no man has ever arisen with any renewed sense of the sorrowful state of man, with any new tenderness for his brother, with any kindlier or gentler purpose, with wider sympathy, or with deeper feeling. It is better that such a man should pass. After all, one touch of the universal heart is above all possible achievements of style. After all, it is better to pity than to be clever. After all, sympathy is the soul of art. After all, it is only love that endures.

Be noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

A Socialist Picnic at Metuchen

BY MARGARET WIEN

For three weeks, all of us who expected to be with Comrade Herron on a summer afternoon, were waiting impatiently for the coming of the auspicious day. Each was anxious to see the farm at Metuchen, as well as our good comrade in the calm and quiet of country retreat. Those of us who had already left the city for the summer looked forward with double joy to this reunion of comrades, for never do we foolish socialists so thoroughly enjoy ourselves as when we assemble in numbers to talk, to discuss, to banter each other, even to indulge in spirited debate.

Great was the astonishment of the placid Metuchenites as they saw, on the morning of this day, a crowd of forty noisy, boisterous, rollicking socialists alighting from the train and wending their way to "Elmwood Farm." Half of the company piled on to one of those old-fashioned hay-rigs, and as they passed through the village and down the country roads of Metuchen, their songs and cheers awoke the echoes of the quiet little Jersey township.

The first view of the farm was a delight to all. A real old-fashioned country dwelling, ensconced in a green nest of beautiful elms, its gable roofs and wide verandas added greatly to its picturesque aspect. On the threshold, waiting to receive us, stood Comrades George and Carrie Herron.

Whether due to the country air, the repose, or the pleasure of seeing the comrades, Mr. Herron looked far stronger, brighter and happier than for some time past. After the most cordial greeting on both sides the party dissolved, each going out on a voyage of discovery. It was pleasant to walk under the cool shade of the elms, to invade the precincts of the poultry-yard and stable, to steal glimpses of the old-fashioned apartments, and to nestle at ease in the beautiful artistic study.

After straggling in all directions, and evincing slightly less knowledge of

country life than a company of average Esquimos, we all reunited at the welcome sound of the dinner-bell and sat down to a real picnic feast. Our table was the soft green sward, our roof the swaying branches of the elms, and the walls of our dining-hall the mellow, drowsy summer landscape about us; with its glorious sunshine and flower-scented breezes.

What a sight it was! Here, the orators and agitators, no longer hurling anathema at the wrongs of capitalism, but hungrily demolishing a farm-bred chicken; there, the oracular scribes of socialism, lost to all speculations and problems save the one of settling the claims of a most rapacious appetite. Philosophy for the moment was solely occupied with the materialistic basis of life; demonstrating it in the most practical manner possible. And all; all having what is in vulgar parlance called a royal good time. What is a socialist without a speech! Country lanes, country scenes, country cheer, even these fail to satisfy, unless seasoned with a little talk. At the summons of an impromptu chairman the comrades, each in turn, arose and furnished their quota to the intellectual feast. The pleasant moments flew, enlivened by wit, poetry, eloquence and even delicate sarcasm.

It was a lazy, beautiful day; a day of rest and relaxation, a day of forgetfulness and release from the dull cares of every-day life, a day to gather together, as men and women, as happy comrades, one of those days which pass all too quickly and of which there are but few in life.

All too soon the evening shadows began to descend from the tall elm summits, and at last the moment of adieu arrived. We must take leave of the kind host who had made us happy for one day. There is always sadness in parting, but the merry drive back to the station sufficed to obliterate all feelings of regret, and it was a bright, happy and contented company that returned to the city at night.

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Franklin H. Wentworth

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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EDITORIAL

"Standing on Market street in San Francisco, we have watched the streams of women and girls going home at six o'clock from the overall and ready-made clothing factories—hollow-eyed, hollow-chested, shabby, pale and tired to the verge of despair. They were virtuous—their tiredness and their shabbiness eloquently vouched for them. And we asked ourselves this question: "How is it possible that there is a decent girl in San Francisco belonging to the working classes?" —*The Outlook*, Victoria, B. C.

STANDING in the shadow of a Newport drawing-room, we have watched the streams of beautiful girls, visions of ribbons and laces, high-bred, exquisitely delicate young animals, alighting from their carriages, bowed through the carriage entrance on velvet carpets by lines of liveried lackeys; passing up to the tapestried dressing rooms for a final adjustment of their bravery, before again descending to meet the men, for whose delectation all this splendor was devised.

In the smoking-room were assembled the men; sleek, well-groomed, polished, irreproachable;—on the outside. Even unlimited wealth can not erase from a face those lines which are written there by dissipation.

Soul-extinguishment was so nearly effected in some of them that they no longer looked—they leered.

Those men from abroad, some of whom enjoyed titled names, were principally pale, flabby-cheeked *debauchés*; they had sprung from a line of the same kidney—poisoned, some of them, from their birth. Even the bracing ocean air of Newport could not bring back the color to their washed-out faces.

There was not a man in the whole throng, English, French or American, who had not drunk more or less deeply of debauchery;—some of them steeped to the lips—whose lightest touch was not pollution to the beautiful girls who were soon to be the confiding objects of their gloating eyes, as they strolled about together in the conservatories and galleries of the great house, and as they sat at table.

These girls were virtuous—their gentleness, their personal purity shone in their faces, ample vouchers for their character.

And we asked ourselves this question: "How is it possible that there is a decent girl in Newport belonging to the leisure classes?"

Should not a social system be revolutionized which makes all womanhood the easy prey of dissipated idleness—the leisure class woman because of her wealth, and the working-class woman because of her poverty?

The Fellowship of the Socialist Spirit and What It Aims to Do

The little fellowship of able writers and speakers in the socialist movement, which has been drawn together by the editor of *The Socialist Spirit*, contains as wide a range of personality and experience as can well be imagined. While the comrades in various localities are perfecting their local organizations, preparing the thin edge of the wedge for entry into local politics, there is need of a source from which they may draw such information as may make each political move well advised, and hence successful. The constant misrepresentation by the capitalist press of all matters of vital economic importance makes it imperative that socialists should have information on such subjects at first hand. Up to this time no organized effort has been made to secure such expert service in the gathering of facts; and hence comment by socialist editors upon various subjects has often been unavoidably ill-advised. In order that comment may be intelligent the facts upon which it is based must not be open to dispute. It is therefore the aim and object of *The Fellowship* to serve the socialist press, as well as the political organizations and the individual comrades, by glean- ing facts of importance to the movement, and setting them forth from month to month in *The Socialist Spirit* with indisputable clearness and accuracy.

Beside the service of the magazine itself its fellowship is equipped to render personal service of a high and varied character. Two members of the fellowship will be kept constantly free to render advisory service in the field wherever they may be called for by the local political organizations; or at such points as organization may seem advisable. The rest of the fellowship will

render such service as they may, by writing and speaking and by such other effort as may seem at any time desirable. As to the personnel of the fellowship, all are already well known in the socialist movement, and most of them, intimately, by the readers of the late *Crusader*, and hence to those of *The Socialist Spirit*. George D. Herron will write for the magazine and will speak from the platforms furnished him by the various State organizations of the Socialist party. So, also, will William Thurston Brown, whose headquarters will remain at Rochester, New York, where the socialist movement is gathering remarkable headway. Marion Craig Wentworth, whose presence in the fellowship is a forerunner of the absolutely equality of rights and responsibilities of men and women under socialism, will continue to write and speak as occasion may require, for which service her university training and her fine qualities of heart and mind render her eminently fitted. Mr. Wentworth will also speak as opportunity offers and his executive and editorial duties permit. Leonard D. Abbott, well known as a writer and speaker and prominent in the political movement, will also present from time to time to the readers of *The Socialist Spirit*, certain phases of the movement in New York and elsewhere, written in his able style from his own point of view.

However, those of the fellowship from whom most will be expected in active field work are John Spargo and William Mailly. The socialist movement of both continents might have been diligently searched for two men better fitted for the task before them without a more gratifying result. Indeed, Comrade Spargo's experience has been gained in both continents. He is a native of Cornwall, England, where in the great tin-making district of Camborne, he attended the public schools until 11, when he went to work in the mines. He kept manfully at his books

after working hours and attended all kinds of meetings and lectures, and at 16 he was speaking in public upon whatever question appealed to him. At 18 he had fallen under the influence of Mr. Hyndman's Justice, the organ of the Social Democratic Federation, and soon after removing to Wales to follow the trade of granite-cutter, he threw himself heartily into federation work and soon became one of its well known men. Before leaving Cornwall he had taken a special course of study in the Oxford University extension work. The subject was South Africa, its History and Political and Economic Development; and the knowledge thus acquired made him an able opponent of the war in South Africa. He was a speaker at the first meeting held in Manchester to protest against the policy of the English government nearly three months before war began; and as soon as hostilities commenced threw himself into active speaking against the war. In one city—Gloucester—after a most successful meeting he was mobbed and severely kicked and beaten; the house to which he was taken for protection being wrecked with stones and other missiles thrown by the enraged jingoes. During this time and previously and subsequently he was active in trades-union work of all kinds, being for two years president of the Barry, South Wales, Central Labor Union and one of the lecturers of the National Federation of Trades and Labor Councils. When the International Federation of Ship, Dock and Riverside Workers was formed he became Honorary Secretary for South Wales and Bristol Channel ports and, with Tom Mann and J. H. Wilson, spoke constantly for that movement. He was also for a time Honorary Secretary of a branch of the Dockers' Union, which he had organized, and assisted in raising funds for the engineers in their great fight for eight hours in 1896, as well as for the locked-out Welsh quarrymen in their conflict with Lord Penrhyn in 1897. In 1898 he was actively engaged with the Welsh coal miners during their six months' contest, unfortunately lost, and wrote numerous articles for the press on the issues and progress of the strike. For eighteen months he acted as assistant editor of The Barry Herald, a South

Wales paper, during which time he contributed to both English and American newspapers. Besides Mr. Spargo's work with the trades unions and Social Democratic Federation in England he lectured much for the Independent Labor party. He stood once for election to Town Council and was invited to become a Parliamentary candidate. He was a delegate to each of the annual conventions of the Social Democratic Federation held in London in 1896, Northampton in 1897, Edinburgh in 1898, Manchester in 1899 and London in 1900; and was elected to the National Executive Council at each of the four conventions last named. In February of the current year, 1901, he came to America to speak, where he will remain and work in the socialist movement. In the fellowship of The Socialist Spirit Comrade Spargo will take for his special subject of investigation the various problems of the city; factories, mills, tenements and everything pertaining to metropolitan life and its economics. He will render expert service in this direction, which will be of greatest value to the cause, studying strike conditions and reporting details of fact for publication.

Of equally valuable experience is William Mailly, who is to devote himself to the study of effective political organization, and the transcribing of the results for the general information and benefit of the comrades in the local organizations. The subject of political organization in all its various details would seem to be the one of most urgent investigation during the coming year; and for this work Comrade Mailly is especially well fitted.

Comrade Mailly was born in Pittsburgh in the early seventies, from whence his parents moved to Scotland and thence to Liverpool, England, where he finished school at the age of 12. Keeping books for his father, he read much and soon became interested in politics, following the lines of Mr. Gladstone, and used to stay up all night to hear election returns, especially in 1886, when the Gladstone ministry dissolved upon the Home Rule bill and a special election was held. In 1888 he began to read "Nunquam's" (Robt. Blatchford's) articles in the Manchester Sunday Chronicle and liked them, al-

though he did not thoroughly understand them. They appealed to him because they took the side of the poor. In July, 1889, he left Liverpool, returning to his native country. He was then 18 years old. From this time until October, 1893, he worked in the coal mines of Alabama, joining the union and sharing its councils. It was in 1893, while correspondent for his local union at Adger, Ala., that he wrote his first newspaper article, which appeared in *The Labor Advocate*. In April, 1894, a strike of Alabama miners began which lasted five months. By his writings during this strike and his activity in agitation, Mr. Mailly became so well known and relied upon that in the following September he was elected Secretary of the Alabama Miners' organization, and soon after became associate editor of *The Labor Advocate* in Birmingham. In December, 1895, he represented the Birmingham Trades Council at the convention of the American Federation of Labor in New York. During this period he was actively interested politically in the Peoples' party, being a delegate from Adger to the Populist State convention and to the county convention, which nominated a joint Union Labor and Populist ticket. Moving to Nashville, Tenn., he became especially active in trade-union agitation and organization, organizing in 1897 the new State Federation of Labor and undertaking the publication of the *Nashville Journal of Labor*. This paper, conducted along socialist-trade-union lines, ushered Mr. Mailly into the socialist movement. He soon began to organize branches of the Social Democracy and was a delegate to the Chicago convention of 1898, being one of the bolters who started the Social Democratic party. The following year he went to New York to act as organizer for the party in that State. Visiting Haverhill, Mass., during vacation time, he was induced by the local socialists to remain in that city and in October of that year (1899) the first issue of *The Haverhill Social Democrat* was published with Mr. Mailly as editor. While editing *The Democrat* he was Secretary of the Campaign Committee and Treasurer of the campaign fund in the State and municipal elections of 1899 and 1900. It was in the elections of November and

December, 1899, that Representative Carey was elected for his second term and Mayor Chase was re-elected. Mr. Mailly was chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee during the national campaign of last year. In March, 1900, he was delegate from Haverhill to the Indianapolis convention, and in the ensuing conflict between the Chicago and Springfield factions affiliated with the latter. He was a delegate to the recent Unity convention at Indianapolis, of which convention he was elected permanent Secretary. Since December of last year, Mr. Mailly has been associate editor of *The Worker* at New York, and at this writing is among the men of the great steel strike at McKeesport, Pa., gathering material, propagating socialist doctrines, and furnishing interesting letters to *The Worker*.

As soon as his present commissions for *The Worker* are executed he will begin active work in *The Socialist Spirit's* fellowship, furnishing special articles from month to month to these columns. It was during the miners' strike above referred to, in the summer of 1894, that Mr. Mailly read Blatchford's "Merrie England," which turned him toward socialism. The book had great influence upon him because it was written by "Nunquam," whose writings had affected him before leaving England. In England he had read Shakespeare and Dickens, the latter's "David Copperfield" and "Dombey and Son" influencing him deeply. After returning to America Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities" and Hugo's "Les Miserables" intensified his natural democratic bias and stimulated him to constant activity in the service of the world's disinherited. His experiences in the mines and other places, however, associating with the working people; seeing them as they lived and worked; the personal contact with the working-class phase of life, affected his mode of thought above all else.

Comrades Mailly and Spargo, each in his separate department, may be depended on to render expert and accurate accounts of events, persons and crises in the socialist movement that will be invaluable to all workers for socialism. The personal experiences of both these men in organizing, campaigning, speaking and writing, equip

them as few other men in America are equipped for the work they propose to do. The fellowship of The Socialist Spirit promises to serve the socialist movement in a capacity unique as it is interesting and imperative. Asking

nothing except to serve the cause which is to bring forth the life of the people, the Fellowship puts its life, its abilities and its resources unreservedly at the call of the socialist movement, now unified, hopeful and triumphant.



“The Comrade”

A NEW VENTURE IN SOCIALIST JOURNALISM

By the time that this reaches the eyes of the readers of The Socialist Spirit, we hope to have launched the first issue of a new illustrated Socialist monthly, The Comrade. The Comrade will be a thoroughly democratic product, representing the joint work of a board of editors, consisting of George D. Herron, who, amid all his multitudinous duties, has yet found time to join us in our new venture; Algernon Lee, the scholarly editor of The Worker, and his associate, William Mailly, the former editor of The Haverhill Social Democrat. M. Winchevsky, a man with a great heart and the true poetic instinct; J. Spargo, the English Social Democratic speaker and writer, who has recently joined us in New York; and Peter E. Burrowes, the Brooklyn poet and philosopher. The Comrade owes its being, however, chiefly to the fruitful brain of Otto Wegener (formerly business manager of The Worker), who, more than any other one man, has made its existence possible.

Our thought for The Comrade is to make it a journal expressing the Socialist spirit in literature and art. We shall attempt to focus in it the effort of the group of artists and literary men, on both sides of the Atlantic, who have shown themselves in sympathy with the ideals of the Socialist movement. When we come to reckon up the names of such men, we see most clearly and vividly the possibilities of the new journal. William Dean Howells, Edwin Markham, Richard Le Gallienne, Ernest Crosby, Jack London, Clarence

Darrow, Bliss Carman, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Walter Crane, Edward Carpenter, George Bernard Shaw, and a score more as talented, all come within the range of The Comrade fellowship, and most of those mentioned have already promised to contribute to its pages.

The Comrade will voice the lighter and brighter aspects of the Socialist movement. It will be Bohemian, picturesque, humorous. It will contain cartoons, portraits, stories, poems and criticisms. Above all, it will be interesting, every page of it, and we believe that it will be bought and read by hundreds who could never be induced to read the regular organs of the Socialist party.

This new Socialistic venture is but another evidence of the strengthening and broadening of our movement. The Comrade will not only encourage and stimulate the artistic instinct that already exists within the Socialist brotherhood; it will also quicken into being the latent impulse and talent that has not yet found expression. It is an attempt to gather up threads that are lying loose, and to weave them into a harmonious fabric. It will be, in truth, a “comrade”-messenger to the home, bodying forth, however inadequately and imperfectly, the spirit of the future Socialist age, when all men shall live together as “comrades,” and when their comradeship shall blossom in a re-created and beautiful world.

Leonard D. Abbott.

New York, Aug. 22.

Christianity and the Military Spirit

KENYON MILITARY ACADEMY,
GAMBIER, OHIO.

Any Christian parent can with readiness and confidence place a son in your school.

RT. REV. W. A. LEONARD, D.D., Bishop of Ohio.

In the annual educational number of the Outlook there appear advertisements of sixteen military schools and academies. Some of them contain recommendations from the clergy similar to the above from Bishop Leonard. Many of them are illustrated by pictures of swords and firearms. All of them from their appearance in the Outlook are assumed to appeal to Christian families, as the Outlook stands professedly for Christian living and is generally accepted by the Christian world as expressing Christian ethics. That the proprietors of these schools should appeal to the Outlook's constituency for recruits to their institutions shows a confidence in the survival of the military spirit in Christian society which the exponents of any progressive religion would regard as unflattering. Most enlightened people of to-day, those who take parenthood seriously, would as soon think of sending their sons to an isolation hospital as to a military school. In fact, there are now many who do not supplement the rattle and the rag doll with the conventional sword, drum and gun of their own childhood, believing it not imperative that the instinct of killing be any longer cultivated. This new spirit of conserving life instead of destroying it, which is finding such admirable expression in such literature as the animal stories of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, is pregnant with menace to the military idea, and it is well indeed that it is so. For the military idea is a survival of the dark ages of humanity; it should have no further place among civilized people. That the church and its so-called spiritual leaders should not recognize this is by no means unusual. With its face turned toward the past, the church has never recognized a growing spiritual need of the people; this is why all progress has been made with-

out it, or in spite of it. When the temper of the peoples is carefully gauged it is evident that the present widespread manifestations of militarism are largely superficial. This fact, although it does not mitigate the ferocity of present military expression, promises an early termination of such expression. The militarists do not see the handwriting on the wall. For example, there has just been issued in London by one Alexander Eager a book of war songs called, "Songs of the Sword and the Soldier," which the reactionary London Speaker makes the occasion for an absurd essay on war. One would think we were still in the middle ages. "War is a sacred thing," says the Speaker; "it is the ultimate which should not be even named except in atmosphere purified from every breath of frivolity and malice. A man has only one life, and he can do nothing so solemn as to stake it for an object he thinks worthy. Both the cross and the sword are in the same relation to mankind; they are horrible and ungainly tools made beautiful by the vast and subversive power of human love."

Truly an inspiring presentation of human butchering!

That the book above mentioned is ill-timed is demonstrated by the dying interest in the war pictures of Kipling. Mr. Eager cannot hope to cope with such a genius as Mr. Kipling; yet even the worthy literary labors of the latter are sinking in the ship which he so foolishly ballasted with glorifications of slaughter. The world has moved past him. He is "a bugler in the rear," as Ernest Crosby has said. That we are slowly moving out of the dark ages, trifling evolutionary changes bear ample testimony. In the English army the sword has been taken from the officers of the infantry and a short rifle substituted. The fact can no longer be dis-

guised that as an instrument of war the sword is as obsolete as an effective weapon as the cross-bow. That it has been retained so long, dangling about the legs, and impeding the free action of the wearer, is due to something other than the common inertia of a survival. The explanation of its retention long after it has ceased to be of physical service in fighting is found deep in the philosophy of war. Its principal value long since passed from its utility as a weapon to its utility as a decoration. War is now made possible only by the glamour which is thrown about it. The sword suggests always the days of chivalry in which there was undoubtedly much of nobility and true manhood; and hence with the passing of the sword must pass much of that romantic interest in combat which relates directly to personal prowess and character. Any vulgarian can carry and shoot a gun.

When some day we separate the idea of war from the rhythm of marching men, the inspiring music, the flags and gay uniforms which, even with the horrors of war in our hearts we all still love to see, we shall then see physical force in its ghastly nakedness, repulsive alike to gods and men. For stripped of all the inspiring glamour which quickens the heart beats and lights the fires of anticipation, war stands forth in its true aspect, damnable, hideous, brutal murder.

Thus when we view frankly the influences of all that kind of training which perpetuates the military impulses by using military symbols and military methods, we cannot help but deplore the educational and ecclesiastical subserviency to dead institutions and barbarous ideas, which the majority of the clergy, the reactionary Outlook, and its unsuspecting and unthinking constituency manifest. It is doubtful if Jesus would have written recommendations of military schools. Our studies of him would seem to indicate that he was a gentle soul, not at all calculated to inspire men to murder. And yet if the Oriental peoples did not understand him a great deal better than we do, our official Christianity would, in their eyes, do Jesus a grievous wrong. If they did not make their investigations of Jesus' life and work for themselves, at first

hand; if they were content to accept modern Christians as types, they would naturally conclude that Jesus was such a person as Bismarck, or Joseph Chamberlain, or William McKinley. But although the "heathen" philosophies as they are popularly called, do not come within the purview of the average Christian; the Oriental mind is by no means ignorant of the teachings of Jesus. Knowing, then, what Jesus stood for, the contempt in which the Christian world is held by the Oriental is the natural result of the latter's knowledge of Jesus' teachings, and his observation of those who make public profession of them. The stupidity of the Christian is exemplified satisfactorily to the Oriental by the former's absurd practice of sending missionaries to Tokio, Peking and Calcutta instead of to London, New York and Paris. The Oriental conceives it to be ethically superior to accept the teachings of Confucius, Buddha or Mahomet and try and live up to them, than to accept the teachings of Jesus and pay no attention to them. The Mahometan, for example, does not exclaim, "Dog of a Christian!" because the Christian does not believe in the Mahometan religion; but because the Christian does not believe in his own. "Our religion!" exclaimed a Turkish gentleman one evening last winter in New York; "our religion permits, nay, commands us to kill. We are told to annihilate the unbeliever. But you Christians! You profess meekness and humility and brotherly love, and every Christian nation is armed to the teeth. You are fighting all the time; your navies, your armies and your commercial strife prove that you are sickly hypocrites. Bah! the Christian world and its professions are nauseating."

We are but seldom subjected to such frank criticism. This, unfortunately, is because the contempt for us is so great in the mind of the Oriental that he seldom considers it worth while. It is not the first time in the world's history that stupidity has mistaken contemptuous silence for approbation.

But there is now growing up in the so-called Christian nations, not inside, but outside the church which brings upon us the contempt of the Orientals, a body of men and women which is to justify the claims of Western civiliza-

tion to enlightenment. The international socialist movement, with its antipathy toward all forms of military expression, is the real force in the world to-day which is making for peace and righteousness. It is doing the work which after decades of entreaty to which the church has turned a deaf ear

it is now too late for her to take up. In the presence of this new and vital idealism, which is to bring forth the life of the common people, it may be expected that the ethics and the ideas of the church and its learned bishops, and of such publications as the Outlook, will undergo a radical revision.

The Navy and Its Influences

We should maintain a fleet in the North Atlantic capable of resisting any fleets that could be sent by any power against our Atlantic and gulf coast line and our possessions in the West Indies; we should maintain a fleet in the Pacific of similar proportional size; we should maintain in the far east a fleet equal to the Asiatic fleet of any European nation; simultaneously with maintaining these fleets we should be able to dispatch to any part of South America a fleet equal to the fleet that any European nation could dispatch there.—Capt. Richmond P. Hobson's speech at Buffalo on "The Sea Power of the United States."

One might think in contemplating Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson and his utterances that the principal business of the United States is to maintain a navy.

Captain Hobson is the ambitious young person who rendered such distinguished service in the late war.

He saved the administration the expense of a committee of investigation to inquire into the charge that the Merrimac was bought for ten times her actual value by sinking the old hulk at Santiago where she could not be examined;—and where she happily offered no obstruction to vessels passing in and out of the harbor.

Having been promoted from lieutenant to captain as a due recognition of this gallant service, it is natural that Captain Hobson should be beguiled by the thought of becoming an admiral some day. But it is evident that we are somewhat long on admirals now, and that to create new ones we must have either a bigger navy or more fighting. A big navy is sure to bring more fighting, so it is sufficient unto Captain Hobson's chances for advancement that a large navy be forthcoming. It is quite possible that Captain Hobson has never consciously related the idea of more battleships to the idea of promotion; at any rate, as his plea is based upon his expressed desire for national safety, it is only just to him to concede that he is disinterested in his desire to see the country well protected. But Captain Hobson is troubled with youth,

and has not thought very deeply on things unrelated to the spectacular. It is but a shallow reasoning, which concludes that a nation which has a big navy is immune from foreign aggression; or that a big navy makes in any way for peace. A little reflection by Captain Hobson on himself and on his fellows of the navy would convince him that the contrary is true. The officers of the navy are furnished by the naval academy at Annapolis. Applicants for admission to this naval training school must pass a rigid examination before entering, presupposing upon the part of the applicants an education already superior to the average. Hence the men for official timber come principally from the middle class, although occasionally a leisure class youth is attracted by visions of the quarter-deck. It would be a rare thing for a working-class youth to see the inside of Annapolis. His lack of opportunity for the requisite education bars him as effectually as if he were a different kind of being. He is not called for until the fighting begins, when his lack of education and his unfamiliarity with the theory of naval practice serve very well in rendering him more obedient. The men therefore who get into Annapolis are of the class which, having enjoyed some advantages, are moved by the ambition for more. After graduation by the academy, they are given the petty offices on board ship, which entail considerable hard work and are endured by persons of their superior education

only in the hope of some day becoming such objects of national and feminine admiration as Captain Hobson. So we have midshipmen, ensigns, lieutenants, captains, commodores and a great host of actings and vices, headed for the desirable job of admiral. It is long and tedious business waiting for some one to die, especially some one who is living in luxury and comfort at the people's expense; and so the naval officers always view with unfailing interest the activities of the lobby which is sent to Washington to aid the passage of the naval appropriation bills by the ship builders and by the philanthropists whose mills produce armor plate. There is seldom a session that an appropriation for a few new steel cruisers does not slip through. The launching of a new cruiser always means less work and more leisure to study and parade for some officer under the rank of captain who may have a pull in the secretary's office. The launching of a lot of new cruisers means additional commodores—perhaps rear-admirals. But these ambitious young Farraguts desire more than promotion through lobbies; they want promotion through glory. All the traditions of Annapolis and the navy; all their training for war-ship service tends to implant in them the desire for a chance to distinguish themselves in action. This is the menace of a large navy, which finds its root in the navy itself. We have a vast lot of able, well-educated, ambitious men, who can only hope to realize their desires through an international war. The temptation to bluster is irresistible. On the other hand, the foreign peoples know that a nation never builds up a big navy until a reason for employing it has already been disclosed, and hence the temptation to bluster on the one hand is met by distrust and hatred on the other, requiring the utmost vigi-

lance in the diplomatic service to prevent open ruptures. But nations seldom fall from outward attack until they have become rotten within. Spain was rotten within. Her soldiers and sailors had nothing to fight for. You cannot feel patriotic over a cess-pool. So with the United States; if there does not come a revolution in her social system, which will eliminate the wholesale vice and poverty that are spreading their deadening influence over the people; vice and poverty which spring from underfed inequality and dearth of opportunity, Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson's plan for a great navy will not save her. You cannot prevent revolution at home by piling taxes for a stupendous navy upon the backs of a people already exploited beyond measure; you can only precipitate it that way. And when a navy becomes the expression of naval ambition and individual enterprise, unsustained by the integrity of a homogeneous, purposeful and home-loving people, it can be scattered and sunk by almost any old thing which has a principle behind it. Captain Hobson's dream is of a navy that would surpass in magnitude anything the world has yet seen. His business is along that line, and it is natural he should wish to see it grow. Yet it is possible he has somewhat let go his sense of proportion and that there are other things equally important to spend the people's money for. Still we will build a battleship or two now and then; we will build them until the public intelligence rises to a clear conception of an ingeniously hidden truth.

This truth is that a navy is nowadays merely the expensive machine which the people themselves support to insure their exploitation by domestic capitalists instead of by the capitalists of other countries.



HENCEFORTH : I accept no authority but the innate voice of reason and conscience.

I cease to listen to institutions, churches and governments of force, for I perceive they pervert nature and suppress life.

I throw aside disease, artificiality and luxury, and claim my birth-right in simple living.

I give no upward look to the so-called educated, for I see they have strayed far from truth.

I cease to live in boxes more than is necessary, but claim much time in the open fields of nature.

I endeavor to fight shams, and the pride of privilege, for they bring death to the soul of humanity.

I will practice expression as a means of growth, and will no more allow suppression to dwarf and kill my individuality.

I listen reverently to Prophets for they speak the universal message.

I "listen to all sides and filter the truth from myself."

I will learn of little children, the industrious workers, the old and careworn, and the sincere seekers of truth.

I will seek no friends, but make myself worthy of friendship.

I will procure what my soul and body need without fear.

I will listen to nature, and learn her message of beauty, sweetness, vitality and impartiality.

I will strive to save my individuality from the wreck of false conceptions.

Through freedom, comradeship, sincerity and industry, I will gradually penetrate through shams to the heart of things.

MARTHA E. ELKINS.

To Caiaphas

BY JOHN WARD STIMSON

[A short time ago, when the Russian Church excommunicated Leo Tolstoy, and the State, (the subservient tool of the Church), refused to allow Tolstoy's picture to be publicly exhibited, Professor Stimson wrote these lines and dedicated them to Tolstoy.]



CARE not a coin for your crown,
Ye priests of the science of self,
With phylacteries falling low down,
But your prayers and your poses *for pelf!*
Ye climb to your steeples so high,
Yet mock at the heroes—who die !

I care not a coin for your blame,
Ye drones that lay burdens so vast
Upon life—with its rapture and flame ;—
Yet out of your temples it cast!
I gladly haste forth from your wall
To find mercy and beauty for *all*.

Ye trees that are "barren of figs,"
While ye rustle and flutter your leaves,
I fly from your concourse of prigs
To gather Life's sacredest sheaves.
"Ye neither pass in at the Gate,
Nor suffer the sad" that there wait !

Go, gather your harvest of dust,
And whitewash your charnel of bones !
Go, heap up your wealth, if ye must,
And pile up your crumbling stones.
Build houses "till there be no room"—
They shall fall at the first crack of Doom!

I care not a coin for your pride,—
It is false, it is barren and drear ;
It is waste that is washed by the tide ;
It is chaff—when the harvest is sere !
Let me live—let me love—till the last !
I will still live and love when all's past !

The Tyrants of To-day

BY WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

Think for a moment of the meaning of the great commercial combinations which are now arising so rapidly. They stand for nothing but force. They do not argue. They strike. They do not rest their cause on justice. They rest it on power. They make no pretense of appealing to a sense of right. Conscience has nothing to do with them. They are the creations of human beings, but they are as remorseless as an earthquake. Through them one group of men are saying to their fellows who happen to be weaker, "We don't care whether your cause is just or not. That has nothing to do with the case. You are not dealing with a soul when you deal with us. You are dealing with the inexorable and the inevitable." And when some of us who believe in something better, who hold the faith of Jesus, the faith of brotherhood, that the world is one family and has no law but love, that any substitute for that law is outlawry, no matter what high-sounding scientific title you apply to it—when we presume to question the right of the system, when we say, "This is a matter for all to solve together. These institutions—whatever they are—affect us all. They concern the interests of all. Come, now, and let us reason together. Let us open the books. Let us get to the bottom of things. Let us see what these institutions rest upon. Let us find out whether they are right and just. Let us see what is the origin of these great fortunes. A man retired from the iron business the other day, and he found himself possessed of a fortune of \$150,000,000. He receives on that fortune invested in the stocks of the new company an income of \$7,000,000 a year, or \$20,000 a day. This man retires from all productive activity, and receives for the rest of his life 150 times as much as the President of the United States. We want to know where that wealth comes from. If it belongs to that man, if he has a right to it, no one will disturb him in his right. If it represents robbery, we want to know

it. Love of justice and a consideration for the welfare and rights of all demand that we investigate that matter to the bottom." When we make that proposal, what is the answer we receive? We are told that it is no business of ours. We are met with the answer of Pilate: "Knowest thou not that I have power to let you live and power to crush you?" We are told that there is nothing to investigate. We are met by the response of blind, brute force. We are made to understand that our one chance to live on this earth depends upon our keeping silent on these questions. They are not to be discussed. The only thing we are permitted to do is to get on the right side of this great machine if we can. If we can do that, we are safe. If we cannot do that, we are ruthlessly crushed. Says the man who fears to have men know the origin and methods of the accumulation of property: "If you speak of these things in the pulpit you must take the consequences. I will not contribute to the support of any man who insists upon applying the law and rule of love and brotherhood to all realms of human life. I will do what in me lies to silence every such voice. I will pay my money to the man who keeps well within the lines of safety, who preaches the simple, old-fashioned gospel of a full and free salvation in the world to come. I will let that man live on this earth who will confine himself to theology, who never says anything that could possibly offend the conscience of any selfish man. But the man who insists upon declaring plainly and clearly what he believes to be the truth of God, who is impelled to do so by no other motive than that of love of justice and love of men, and who has anything to say that stirs hope in the hearts of the hopeless and courage in the souls of the despairing, that man shall starve; he shall be crushed; he shall be branded an anarchist or by any other name which will bring upon him the hatred of society. That man

shall not live, if I can help it. There is not room on this earth for the established order, if such men are permitted to live."

That is precisely what we are coming to, and we are coming to it fast. It is well that we should see it plainly and decide where we propose to stand.

How Some Women Earn a Livelihood

BY SIBYL WILBUR

If you were a young girl just turned 18; if you had in your heart all the fair dreams of coming womanhood; if your soul looked forward to a sweetheart, to marriage, to little ones to nurse and rear, how would you like to be placed at a buffing wheel to earn your daily bread?

What is a buffing wheel?

It is a circular piece of felt welded together to revolve on a shaft 3,500 revolutions a minute.

It whirls so rapidly when in use that it appears to be stationary.

This buffing wheel is for the purpose of polishing metal. The handle bars and nickel finishings of your bicycle have been held against this whirling felt.

The faucets and tubing of the handsome bathroom of the modern flat are brought to that silvery shine, no doubt, in the hands of some young girl in the dingy factory room.

Some of the bathroom furnishings will weigh twenty-five pounds, rather heavy for a girl. She works ten hours a day—a long time for slender arms to hold up such a load.

She holds the rod against the swiftly whirling wheel and her hands clench it as you hold the reins over a runaway horse. Why? Because the wheel loses the contact for a few seconds and then catches it again with a zip that fairly tears the metal from the grasp.

If you lose hold of your work there is no escape in jumping. You are going to get hit somewhere, most likely in the face, as the good workman bends over close to see results.

Women have lost teeth; some have had their entire lower jaw torn away. Not much chance for marriage after that.

But the worst of buffing business is not the danger of machinery, though that looks appalling enough. It is not the jar and tear to the nervous system which is the result of the effort to get the necessary friction for a high polish.

The worst danger is in the fine, imperceptible dust from the brass and the spray of acids used for the polish. The young women who work at this trade tie handkerchiefs over their hair and about their throats. They sometimes wrap their fingers in rags.

The eyes, nostrils, lips are unprotected. There have been devices invented for protection, such as a fine wire mask with cotton lining. But no one uses it. Men are reckless who are long in the trade. Women are good imitators.

However, the brass or copper dust makes a sore wherever it enters an abrasion of the skin. Girls in this trade do not last long.

The dust is always sifting in the pores. It pollutes the blood. It makes eruptions on the face and running sores on the body.

This startling testimony was given to the building material trades council by C. B. Myers, the business agent of the Metal Polishers' Union.

He declared that there were fifty girls in Chicago who worked at this trade who could never marry. He said

their blood was polluted with verdigris.

M. J. Deutsch, secretary of the council, called at the factory employing the largest number of girls. He was shocked at the appearance of them. He no-

tified the factory inspector's office and received the reply that the factory was entirely complying with the law, and nothing could be done to prevent the girls working at the trade.

About Ruskin College

BY GEORGE MCA. MILLER, PRESIDENT

It is well known among the rapidly increasing host of men and women who are devoting themselves not to the reform of the old economic order, but to the bringing in of a new order, that Ruskin College at Trenton, Mo., stands not only independent of capitalistic domination, but also opposed to capitalistic control of social, political and industrial life.

Institutions of higher education, however, have so long depended upon capitalism for support that many of those most interested in this institution are fearful of its ability to maintain itself. For this reason brief replies to their questions may be of interest to all of our friends.

1. Is there sufficient public interest in such an undertaking to enable it to secure working capital?

Ruskin College, at the beginning of the year, had as equipment only a college building and a moderate outfit in way of laboratory, library, etc. During the year there was brought to its pecuniary support a 1,500-acre farm and equipment for the same and a \$16,000 factory enterprise, besides capital for a sewing department, laundry, carpenters' shop and dairy, and for opening this fall a fully equipped kitchen and dining hall with culinary laboratory for teaching scientific cooking.

2. Will students be attracted to such an institution in sufficient number to furnish it support?

Beginning a year ago with less than fifty students, the catalogue shows a total enrollment for the year of 407. A similar growth for next year, which the correspondence fully promises, ought to make the second year's total enrollment at least 1,000.

3. Can the student who works thirty hours per week carry as many studies and do his work as well as one who devotes his whole time to study?

He may not be able to go through as many books in the same time, but his work as a rule is more thorough, and he can work a less number of hours if he prefers, making up in cash the difference between wages and expenses. To the extent that physical vigor counts in class work the industrial student has the decided advantage. Even should it take a year or two longer to finish a course, since the \$125, the maximum cash required for four years will not cover the expenses of one year on the usual plan, the student can afford to be in school longer. Moreover, avoiding the necessity of dropping out to earn money, the industrial student is likely to reach the end of the course first.

4. Does not the industrial plan make discipline more difficult?

On the contrary, it reduces discipline to the minimum. While several students received private counsel from members of the faculty in the matter of conduct, not a single case of discipline proper occurred during the year.

5. Does not this plan emphasize class distinction in college life, where some work at manual labor and some do not?

The basis of the institution being industrial, that idea controls and the fact that a student is earning his way on the industrial plan increases rather than diminishes the esteem in which he is held both by teachers and fellow students.

6. Are the various elements opposed to capitalism sufficiently interested in higher education to support the insti-

tution in the face of the opposition which it is arousing and will continue to incite among the emissaries of plutocracy?

Of the first year's enrollment given above, barring the local patronage, three-fourths of the students are from families belonging to the opponents of capitalism, and the correspondence, which promises at least twice that at-

tendance for the second year, indicates that a still larger per cent will be of this class.

Wendell Phillips said during that awful struggle against black slavery, "The pulse-beat of Oberlin College is felt on our farthest shores." Ruskin College aspires to no nobler verdict in the present struggle against wage slavery of both black and white.

Prison Song of Gallileo

Though you fear me, though you doubt me,
Though you jeer me, though you flout me,
I shall win whate'er befall:
Truth and I against you all!

Though you bend me, though you break me,
Time and truth at last shall make me
Lord of you, who am your thrall:
Time and I against you all!

The Future of England

COUNT TOLSTOY IN THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

I have no data to base a judgment upon, but I have an instinctive feeling that England has reached the zenith and is on the downward way. She will last a long time, but she is past her height. After producing Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin it seems inexplicable that the great English nation, in the van-

guard of liberty, a beacon to all the world for freedom, should idolize such men as Chamberlain and Rhodes. That is the sad, bad side. It is war madness among the common people. That has no cure. It illustrates the Roman proverb, "Whom Jupiter would destroy he first makes mad."

Modern Reformers

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

THE world has had reformers, men who were sternly just,
Who smote the thrones of wickedness and laid them in the dust;
Meek, tender men, made mighty by mankind's blood and tears;
Strong men, whose words were thunderbolts to smite the wrong of
years.

Were all these stern reformers of a breed too weak to last?
Did all the great wrong-smiters wane and perish in the past?
Did they fight a losing battle? Were they conquered in the fray?
Why are there no reformers fighting in the world today?
Well, 'tis but a thing of labels: the reformers have not gone,
But they're mixing with the people with misleading placards on;
For we placard them "fanatics," "visionaries," "cranks" and "fools,"
Men denounced by clubs and churches, by the journals and the schools.

There are men who bear these placards daily in the market place,
Heroes of the ancient lineage, kings and saviors of the race.
And we never see their greatness through life's trivial events,
But our children's sons will read it on their granite monuments.



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